

Five Times Mike struggled with himself and the 1 time he let go. by abuseмесoftly

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Summary:

Jonathan helps Mike out, after years of feeling bad about himself.

Five Times Mike struggled with himself and the 1 time he let go.

Author's Note:

Dear readers, especially those who are thinking maybe they have the wrong body, or maybe they don't like their own...This story depicts some very, very unhealthy ways of coping with this feeling. Please do not follow suit, it's a long life of struggling if you do. Take my advice. Please message me if you need, my tumblr will be at the bottom of the story, I have struggled with everything in this story before, and continue to struggle with some things still. Please don't be afraid to reach out. I live you all. Let's get started.

1.

Mike was a strong person. He had born into a time unaccepting to a family who was too confused to care. They let him cut his hair short. They stopped buying him dresses. They shortened his name to Mike. They bought him dinosaurs and radios. They had a hard time letting the boys stay over the first time, but after a night of screaming and hair pulling they agreed, and the two best friends stayed over the next weekend. His best friend Will, and their second best friend Lucas. Lucas was first asleep and then it was just Will and Mike like usual. The two kids were very close, closer than they were with Lucas, they all knew that. That night he showed Will something he was taught to never show people. It didn't look any different from Will's chest, but that was because both of them were extremely underweight. For different reasons. Mike tells him about how he uses the bathroom, and tells Will that he isn't wrong, and he hopes his best friend understands. He hugs him and nods his head, understanding. They grow even closer that night.

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2.

12.

Mike and Will should not weigh the same. Will is tiny, the smallest boy in class, and Mike is tall, giving his true self away. One of the tallest in the class was hard to hide. He was supposed to weigh more. Have some meat on his small, frail bones. Instead he skipped meals, ignored people's offers, and blatantly lied about eating. Will was starting to get worried. He knew why he was doing it, even if he had to lie to the other two boys, Lucas, and their newest friend Dustin about what was wrong. He was at his house one day when Mike's mother called them up for lunch. Will had forgotten breakfast, having been running late, so he got up immediately and went upstairs, assuming his friend was behind him. He wasn't. He groaned, looking at their sandwiches, the chips surrounding the small triangles of deliciousness and turned back around going to fetch his friend.

When he wouldn't budge he decided enough was enough. He called him out, telling him he had to eat or he was going to end up in the hospital, in the girls section. It was a low blow but it worked. They both walked upstairs and ate lunch, Will talking mindlessly as Mike focused on actually eating his food. Mrs. Wheeler was happy her child was eating, even if it was something small. She said she would make sandwiches for every meal from then on if that's what it took. For 3 weeks it only worked when Will was there, finally he started requesting other things, and was eating without his friend.

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3.

13.

P.e. class was never fun. Thankfully Hawkins middle was small enough that they didn't mind combining the girls and boys class. Horror stories of the separate classes in highschool was enough to scare Mike into never wanting to exercise again. Lucas was the first to notice. All four boys stared at Lisa Silverman. She was the first of them all to start developing and it was showing through her gym shirt. All the boys were oggling and basically drooling as they lazily played basketball. The girls team kicking their butts. It had Mike asking the teacher to go to the nurse. He immediately ran to the

bathroom and into a stall. Ripping his shirt off he looked down at his own chest. Sure enough. It was bigger despite all his efforts. Not by much, but it was happening. He heard the door open and didn't care who it was, he held his shirt over his chest and sank to the floor, being in the last stall meant he was up against a wall. He started crying as there was a knock on his door. Will. He opened it and stood on shaky legs moving his shirt away. Will flinched but refused to look away, he wouldn't with Lucas or Dustin. Mike sobbed on his friends shoulder in that last stall in the boys bathroom off the east wing.

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14.

Mike had no idea what he was doing. He just knew he needed them to go away. He tried wearing bigger shirts, even tried the godforsaken bra his mother got him. Nothing worked. Until, he had an idea. Going to the bathroom he grabbed all the bandages he could find. He ran back to his room and shut the door. He dumped them on his bed and pulled his shirt off, avoiding his full length mirror. Picking up one of the bandages, he started wrapping it around himself. Around his chest. He felt stupid, but restarted, making it as tight as he could. It was so hard. He finished the first bandage grabbing the second of three. He was in the middle of wrapping himself up when his door opened.

His mother was cut off by the sight in front of her. She really should knock they both thought. She immediately started crying, asking when this would end. Asking what she did wrong, saying it had to stop. That was what made Mike panic. He grabbed the other bandage, tucked the second in place and pulled his shirt on. He grabbed his backpack and ran out of the house, leaving his mother to cry in his pastel pink room.

He biked all the way to Will's house before he knew where he was going, once he was there he set his bike down next to his friend's and knocked on the door. He knew he was crying, the tears burning his cheeks against the wind from the ride. His friend opened the door thankfully, and ushered him inside, demanding to know what was going on. He cried in his friends room, telling him about the wrapping, about her words, about what they meant. He showed Will

the wraps and the boys together finished the second and third bandage, making it nice and tight so it couldn't move. Looking in a mirror Mike ignored the pain in his lungs, and smiled. Putting his shirt back on he turned to the side and laughed. He was almost flat as a board. It worked. The boys celebrated and ate like pigs that night because Joyce and Jonathan were both out, and had left money for pizza. They fell asleep in their usual spots, one sleeping peacefully, one laying down, constricting his airways, happily.

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5.

15.

Mike fell down with a thud, he could feel his wrapping coming undone. He had practically lived in them the last 3 months. Only washed them when necessary, and had grown used to the lack of air. But this was different. He had never had to deal with Troy and his friends. They already got his eye, dark busted veins everywhere surrounding the area. His nose, bleeding, the copper taste getting in his mouth. They were attacking his ribs now, kicks, loosening his wraps more and more, he let out an agonizing cry as he heard something crack. The boys started to run off before they were stopped by Jim Hopper. Will stood next to him and ran over to his friend immediately. He had seen the boys chasing Mike and knew this time would be bad because they were calling his full name, the one no one ever says anymore. Will holds his bloody friend as Hopper takes the boys to his car, handcuffs and all. He comes back out and helps the kids stand up. Mike is rambling about wrappings. And Hopper doesn't comment on the ace bandages peeking out from below the kids shirt, he doesn't care. Mike is still one of his own. Hopper leaves after Will insists that he will take care of him, they limp back to their bikes and don't stop until they're all the way home, Will's home to be exact. When they get there Will forces Mike to take the wraps off, saying he's safe here, no one here will judge him. It takes an hour of convincing but finally he takes it off and Will suspects that he has a cracked rib and tells Mike that he can't wear the wrap for two weeks to let it heal or they'll go to the hospital. He panics and wants to run away, not listening to his friend, instead Will holds his shoulders and looks him in the eyes and tells him it'll be

okay. He doesn't fully believe him but Will hasn't ever been wrong before about these things so he has no choice but to trust him.

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+1

16.

Mike had never understood everyone else's fascination with sex, he never thought about it, except for in the shower, but he didn't like to think about that either. They were all talking about sex one day after school instead of going to the arcade. Talking about who they liked and what they would like to do. Mike just rolled his eyes and kept quiet, paying attention to how his friends were responding, to make sure he was responding appropriately.

Someone mentioned blow jobs and Mike perked up at this thought. He laughed commenting that he could have the whole school on his knees for him if he wanted.

It was Will who laughed this time, telling him that he would never get anyone on his knees with the way he was. He meant it as a joke, but Mike didn't laugh. Will was the only one that really knew, the others had their suspicions, but Will knew, and he still said that. Immediately he was apologising but Mike just flipped him off walking to his car and driving mindlessly. He drove for a bit just listening to the radio, ignoring all the thoughts, knowing he couldn't go home. His parents were very close to just throwing him out anyway, he didn't want to push his luck. He found himself at the Byers house, and seeing that Jonathan was home he parked and knocked on the door, opening it up, calling out for Jonathan.

He came out of his room surprised to see him, "Mike? Come on in..." They sat on the couch awkwardly for a moment before Jonathon asked what he was doing there. Blushing, Mike explained what they had been talking about.

"And you're upset because you haven't kissed a girl yet? That's common, Will hasn't either yet, but honestly I don't think he wants to kiss gi-"

“No Jonathan, I'm upset because Will said no one would want me with the way I am...I know he meant my personality, but it's true. No one's gonna want the freaky trans kid.” Will's whole family was not only accepting, but inviting, he knew he'd end up here when his own family said goodbye.

“No no no, shush, plenty of people will be happy to suck your dick.” Jonathan said before he could really think about what he was saying to the boy.

The entire conversation had Mike blushing, and, honestly, had Jonathan blushing a bit as well. Jonathan reminded Mike how handsome he had gotten over the years, and that he will find someone or day who would be happy to get on his knees for him.

He was about to leave when Mike kissed him, holding onto his neck. Jonathan was surprised but kissed him back, putting a hand in his hair, pulling the curls to pull the boy backwards a bit.

“Mike? What are you doing?” Asking him in a soft tone, Mike blushed.

“I thought you meant...I'm sorry. I just, you're really hot so...” he trailed off, waiting for Jonathan to remove his hand from his curls and leave disgusted. He didn't.

“Do you want this?” The older boy asked and leaned in close, referring them, kissing. Mike nodded softly, hair pulling as he went and he could have whimpered at that alone. He wasn't expecting Jonathan to groan and lean in, kissing him deeper this time. It was the best kiss Mike had ever had, granted it was his second kiss ever.

Jonathan dominated the kiss, showing the boy how to do it perfectly, finally he pulled away, only to move and start kissing down his neck. This time Mike did whimper, pulling him closer and leaning back into the couch.

After a particularly hard bite he pulled back smiling knowing he was going to leave a mark on the boys pretty little neck, it was another sure fire way to get him more girls, or boys, in the near future.

“Jonathan...please...” Mike squirmed.

“Bedroom.” He said getting up and checking outside, no sign of Will, and their mom wasn't going to get back until late.

Mike had practically jumped up and ran to the bedroom, Jonathan right behind him. Grabbing his hand he spun him around and closed the door, pushing him against his door.

“I'm gunna show you how good a blow job can be.” Jonathan said and before Mike could question he was on his knees and undoing his jeans.

“Jonathan, wait!” he squeaked suddenly and Jonathan froze. He thought the boy wanted this, he wouldn't have done it otherwise. He was blushing and looking down uncomfortable.

“Why are you worried? Because of this?” Jonathan slid a hand in his pants and rubbed him, making Mike moan and nod his head.

“You know this right here...” he said, rubbing his fingers over his clit, “is your dick right? It's biology. It's just not as developed as mine or your friends'.” He said and looked up at Mike who was loosing his mind, clearly in heaven having someone else's hands on him.

Jonathan smirked and slowly removed his hand and started to pull on the underwear he wore. Licking his lips he looked up at Mike.

“Are you ready?” with a nod Jonathan moved to spread his legs a bit, one arm resting against his hips he leaned in and licked a long stripe up and sucked. Mike gasped and looked down, watching the older Byers boy work. It was mesmerising and intoxicating the at his tongue lapped at him, and sucked on his “dick”. He hadn't ever really called it that, never knew that's what it was, he just remembered the awkward biology classes and the official name for what he had. He was drawn out of thought when Jonathan used his teeth to gently nibble at the sensitive bundle of nerves before sucking on it again in earnest and Mike moaned loudly, grabbing Jonathan's hair and arching his back.

“Fuck, J-Jonathan...I can't...” his knees were starting to buckle and

he finally was given some mercy when he let Mike sit on the edge of the bed, and then he was back at it, hands holding the small boys thighs apart. Jonathan was a lot stronger than he looked, which was a good thing because his body wanted to snap his legs shut.

“Don't move.” Jonathan pulled back to say and Mike nodded his head, doing his best to keep his legs open when Jonathan pulled his hand away, and slid a finger inside of him. Falling back on the bed Mike writhed and moaned loudly cursing even because damn Jonathan knew how to use his hands.

“You have no idea how fun this is for me Mike...” Johnathan pulled up, and admired the boy in front of him. He wanted to make him feel special not just good. He knew this would be Mike's first time with anyone else and he didn't want to fuck him, but he wanted to make him feel good.

“I think I might....Jesus Jonathan...” Mike moaned when he went back down, now with two fingers, doing something awfully sinful with them. He arched his back and clenched his fists in the bedding and gasped as he came, body shaking a bit, it took him by surprise. Jonathan kept sucking and rode it out with him, making Mike reach out and grab a hold of his hair, which finally made Jonathan moan. It was a beautiful feeling, knowing he was the first to make Mike feel like this. Finally he eased up and pulled back, going to the bathroom across the hall to clean himself up, and then came back into the room to gently hold Mike's hand as he stood him up and redressed him. They made their way out to the couch again and Mike kissed him once more.

“Thank you.”

“Of course. Now you can say you've gotten a blow-”

“Mike! What...what are you guys doing?” Will asked coming in in the middle of his brother explaining something. Jonathan casually leaned back and shrugged his shoulders, getting up, leaving the friends to talk. Will blatantly ignoring the mark on his friends neck that hadn't been there a half hour before

Author's Note:

Wow, that was super fun to write guys, I had been thinking about it for months now, and I can't wait to get your feedback see if I should write more trans Mike. As always please follow me on Tumblr @iwantyoubloodonmylips and stay safe guys!

Hey guys! If anyone wanted to help me out of a bad situation, maybe consider donating to my gofundme or ko-fi?

[Gofundme.com/helpmegetback2chicago](https://www.gofundme.com/helpmegetback2chicago)

Or

[Ko-fi.com/jettcasey](https://ko-fi.com/jettcasey)

It would mean a lot, and really help me out. ♡